The three merry Coblers,

Who tell how the case with them doth stand,
How they are still on the mending hand.

235.

To the tune of *The Spanish Gipsie.*

COme follow follow me,
toth'Alehouse wele march all three,
Leave Awle Last Threed, and Lether,
And let's goe altogether,
Our trade excells most trades ith'land,
For we are still on the mending hand.

Come Tapster fill us some ale,
Then hearken to our tale,
And try what can be made
Of our renowned trade;
We have Awle at our command,
And still we are on the mending hand.

Though Shoomakers us disdaine,
yet tis approved plaine,
Our trade cannot be mist,
Let them say what they list,
Though all grow worse quite through the land,
Yet we are still on the mending hand.

When Shoomakers are decayed
Then doe they fall to our trade,
And glad their mindes they give
By mending shoes to live,
When in necessity they stand,
They strive to be on the mending hand.

Although there's but few of us rich,
yet bravely we go through stitch.
Were't not for this barley broth
(Which is meat, drinke and cloth)
We sure should purchase house and land,
At work we are still on the mending hand.

We deale most brightly,
Our neighbours that goe awry
We easily set bright,
The broken we unite,
When all men out of order stand,
Then we are most on the mending hand:

We cannot dissemble for treasure,
But give every one iust measure,
If Bakers kept size like us,
They need not be frighted thus,
We feare not to have our doings scann'd,
For we are still on the mending hand.

What ever we doe intend
We bring to a perfect end,
If any offence be past,
We make all well at last,
We sit at worke when others stand,
And still we are on the mending hand.

We bustle as well as the best,
All knavery we doe detest,
What we have promised
Weele doe unto a threed,
We use wage, but to scale no Wand,
And still we are on the mending hand.

Our wives doe sit of the wheele,
They spin, and we doe reele,
Although we take no Armes,
yet we can shew our armes,
And spread them at our owne command.
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

45. b. 28. 331.

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The second Part. To the same Tune.

POore weather-beaten Soles,
Whose case the body condoles,
We for a little gaine
Can set on foot againe,
We make the falling stedfast stand,
And still we are on the mending hand.

Would thinke we were past sence,
For we give pieces for pence,
Judge, is't not very strange
We should make such exchange,
Yet so weele doe at your command,
And yet weele be on the mending hand.

Our hands doe shoto that we
Live not by taking a Fee,
We pull a lining forth
Of things but little worth,
Our worke doth th'owners understand,
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

All day we merrily sing,
And Customers doe bring,
Or unto us doe send,
Their Boots and Shoes to mend,
We have our money at first demand,
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

When all our money is spent,
We are not discontent,
For we can worke for more,
And then pay off our score,
We drinke without either bill or band,
Because we are still on the mending hand.

While other Callings great,
For fraud and fonle deceit,
Are lookt unto by Law,
We need not weigh't a straw,
Our honesty spreads through the land,
For we are still on the mending hand.

Therefore let's be of good cheare,
Though Lether be something deare,
The Law some course will take
Amends for all to make,
And by their care we understand,
the world is now on the mending hand.

We pray for durty weather,
And money to pay for Lether,
Which if we have, and health,
A fig for worldly wealth,
Till men upon their heads doe stand,
We shall be still on the mending hand.

FINIS. M.I

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